

THE 30. 3. 2
HISTORIE
OF
EURIALUS
AND
LUCRETIA.

Written in Latine by
ENEAS SYLVIVS;

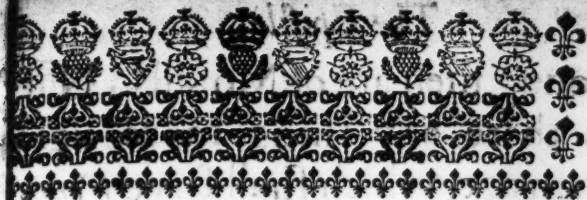
And translated into English
by Charles Allen, Gent.



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THE
HISTORIE
OF
THE
REIGN
AND
DEATH
OF
KING
HENRY
THE
SEVENTH
BY
JOHN
HALL
OF
WINDSOR
1557

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EN EAS SYLVIVS

To Marianus Sozinus,
Health.

SIR,



Our suit is unproper
for iny age, but to
your owne repug-
nant. For in an argu-
ment of love, what can I who
am almost fortie write, or you
who are fiftie with conveni-
ence heare? It is a thing which
delights young spirits, and tires
upon tender brests; but old men
are as unfit auditors of Loves, as

A 3

young

The Epistle.

young men are of Moralls. Nor
is there any thing more ugly
than age, which shall serve *Venus*
with an impotent devotion. Yet
shall you finde some of these
old ones in love, but not re-
ved, for they are equallie con-
temptible both to maid and
matron, nor was Woman ever
taken but by the flourish of our
yeares. If you shall bee taught
otherwise, it is but a covert illu-
sion. But I know that an amou-
rous tractate doth extreamely
misbecome mee, who having
passed the Meridian of my time
doe now post to my evening; yet
is it not a greater indecencie for
me to write than for you to sol-
licite

The Epistle.

Nor solicite me. It is my dutie to obey,
I let it bee your care to see what
you impose; for as there is the
Yet greater ripenesse of yeares in
you, so it will be the great requi-
sition in mee to subscribe to the
Lawes of friendship: which if
your justice feares not to violate
by an injunction, my follie shall
not doubt to transgresse by
an obedience. Your good graces
to mee have beene so many, that
I cannot dare to deny you, al-
though some looser wantonnes
were implied in the request,
I shall therefore condescend to
your petition so often reitera-
ted, nor any longer oppose
that which hath beene solicited

The Epistle.

with so much vehemencie. Ye
shall I not, as your desire wa
faigne any thing, nor will
there be a Poet where I may be
an Historian. For who is so mad
as to make use of a lie, who hath
a truth can justifie him? Because
your selfe have beene amorous
and have not yet that fire extinct
it is your pleasure I should com
pose the History of two Lovers

This gamesomnesse doth hold

You from being reckond old.

I shall submit my selfe to your
desires, but will not present you
with fiction in so great a varie
tie of truths. For what hath the
World so universally common?
What Cittie, Hamlet or Family
is

The Epistle.

Ye is barren of examples? What
was man arrived to thirtie hath not
ill exploited something for love?
be I ground this conjecture in my
mad selfe, whom love hath a thousand
hath times ingaged, and Heaven hath
use disingaged a thousand times; in
ous that happier than Mars whom
act *Vulcan* captivated in an Iron Net,
m- & exposed a scorned spectacle to
ers the Gods; but I shall rather touch
at others loves than mine owne,
least while I stirre up the Em-
ur bers of my antient fire, I disco-
ou ver a sparke still living. Yet will
e- I give you the relation of a
he strange and almost incredible
n- love, with which a noble paire
ly were mutually inflamed, nor
is will

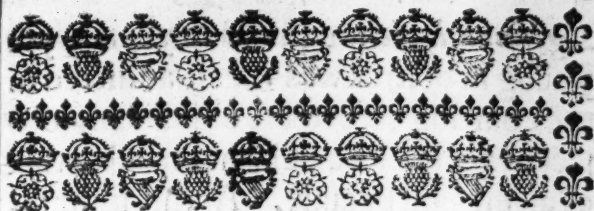
The Epistle.

will I make use of old, and obsolete examples, but discourse of the wanton fires of our owne age, which I will demonstrate to you in our owne Cittie, not *Babylon* or *Troy*, although one of the lovers was borne in a Northerne Climate. And perchance the story may furnish us with this benefit. For sithence the Lady which is our Theame, when shee had lost her love, breath'd out her soule in a mixt passion of sadnesse and indignation, and the Knight was never after the master of any true contentment, it may bee a faire advertisement to youth to desist from such vanities. And the ten-
der s

The Epistle.

order virgin may bee informed by
of this accident not to lose her
ne selfe in the pursuit of another.
ate The narration may tutour
not young Gallants, that they ad-
of dresse not themselves to this
or- kinde of war, where the Gall is
ce so much predominant over the
th Hony; but that renouncing lasci-
he viousnesse which doth infatuate
e, them, they would rather make
e, vertue their designe, which is the
xt onely possession that can make
a its possessour happy. If any man
r be a stranger to that infinitie of
- miseries w^{ch} lie conceal'd in love,
- let him from hence correct his
t. 3. ignorance. Farewell S^r, and with
- y attention heare that story which
y s I by compulsion write.

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THE HISTORIE OF *Eurialus and Lucretia.*



Hen *Sigismund* kept his Court at *Sienna*, it fortun'd that upon the way to his Palace, which was adjoyning to *S. Marthas* Chap-

pell, hee encountred foure Ladies whom feature and nobilitie, age and habit had almost made equalls, and in the generall repute not mortalls but Goddesses: Had there beenc but three of them it had beene a par'conable error to judge them for those, whom same hath made *Paris* see in a vision.

Sigismund

Sigismund, although old in yearē, yet young in desires was much addicted to the courting of Ladies, nor did any object beget in him a delight equall to that of an elegant beautie. At this sight alighting from his Horse he was entertained in their armes, and turning to his Courtiers asked if they had ever beheld such delicate peeces : professing that it was his doubt whether they were humane faces, for that their lookes were heavenly if not Angelicall. The Ladies fixing their eyes upon the ground by their modestie gave an addition to their beautie. For the red diffused in their Cheekes rendered such a colour, as the Ivorie of *India* distained with Vermilion, or the snow of *Lilie* married to the purple of a Rose. But among these *Lucretia* sparkled with greatest lustre, a Lady not yet twentie married in the family of the *Camilli* to *Menelaus* a rich Lord, unworthy to be the Gaoler of such preciousnesse, yet worthy to bee deceived by his

his wife, and to bee taught the note of
Aprill; her stature taller then the rest,
her haire thicke, which shee had not
cast backe like a Virgin, but bound up
in the rich imprisonment of Gold and
Pearle, her forehead high, and of a
comely largeness, nor drawne through
with a wrinkle, her browes daintily ar-
ched with blacke, and few haire dis-
tracted from themselves with a just di-
stance. Her eyes lightning with such a
splendor that they put out the behol-
ders; with these shee flew and made
alive: her straight nose made an equall
division betweene her cheekes; nothing
more amiable than these cheekes, no-
thing more delicious, which with her
smile were dimpled: Her mouth small,
her lippes Corall, her teeth Christall,
and when shee talked, it was not so
much speech as harmonic. What
should I speake of her chin or neck, see-
ing that in the whole frame there was
nothing but excellencie. Her exteri-
our parts did speake her inward beau-
tie,

tie, and so oft as shee was seene, so
 oft was her husband envied; beside
 shee was very facetious, and spoke like
 the mother of the *Gracchi*, or the
 daughter of *Hortensius*, and in her dis-
 courses modestie and sweetnesse stood
 competitours, shee made not a shew
 of honestie with a severe brow, but
 modestie with a cheerefull one; not
 bold, nor timorous, but attempted
 with a civill bashfulnesse; shee car-
 ried a masculine spirit in a feminine
 brest. *Lucretia* was the Theame of
 every discourse, and the Argument upon
 which *Cesar* and the whole Councill
 employed their Oratorie. When she
 turned, the eyes of the spectatours tur-
 ned, as if they had no motion but what
 they borrowed from her: for her looks
 were as attractive as the straines of
 the *Thracian Lyre*, and led all in triumph
 after them. But *Eurialus* a Lord of
Frankenland was transported with
 desire more violently than any other
 a man most fit for love, whether you
 looke

looked upon his face, or fortunē. His
age two and thirtie, and his stature ra-
ther comely than tall, his eyes shining
and full, and his other parts graced
with a kinde of majestie, answered each
other with a most exquisite symmetric.
The other Courtiers were all im-
perished by the war : but *Eurialus*,
who was rich both in his owne reve-
new, and his Princes favour, saluted
every day with a new bravery : his
train of followers great, richly appa-
reled and gallantly mounted, so that
he wanted nothing but leasure to awa-
ken that gentle heate of the soule, whi-
ch men call love. Let posteritie cease now
to admire the tale of *Thisbe & Pyramus*.
*For they were neighbours and th' adjoy-
ning wall,*
Might easily be their loves originall.
Eurialus is now no more his owne
Master ; he no sooner saw, but hee was
torn more with what he saw, and his
thoughts dwell no where but in *Lucre-
tia*. But he met a reciprocall love ; and
this

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this is the wonder, that in so great raritie of perfections and choise of beauties, *Eurialus* should pitch upon none but *Lucretia*, and *Lucretia* fasten upon none but *Eurialus*: yet at the first either of them being ignorant of the others flame, either of them thought they were in vaine inflamed.

But neither of these had any knowledge of the other, either by the eye or care: He was of *Germany*, the Lady of *Thuscanie*, and wanting the commerce of Language, they discoursed onely with their eyes: *Lucretia* therefore wounded with heaue paine and fed upon with hidden fires, forgetting now that she is a wife: and the memory of husband lives onely in her hate. Thus cherishing her wound, and carrying the figure of *Eurialus* deeply imprinted in her brest shee enters into this soliloquie with her selfe;

How is it that I now nauseate at my former diet? The imbraces of my husband are but hated confinements, and
his

his kisses as the arrests of death: the
Idea of that stranger who stood next
Cesar doth ever present it selfe to my
imagination, yet if thou canst (poore
Lucretia)

Out of thy brest which is yet chaste,

Let such notions be effac'd.

O happy I if could, but a sweet violence
leads me captive; judgement prompts
one thing, but desire countermands
it with another suggestion: I see what
is best by the light of my reason, but
pursue the contrary by the instigation
of my passion. But what? nothing but
a stranger relish my pallate? must ano-
ther world be the boundure of my ex-
orbitancie? But alas, whom doth not
that forme take, certainly it doth me:
and I cannot, will not live if mercy be
not the chiefe ingredient in his con-
stitution, but shall I conforme my selfe
to the appetite of a Travelour, who
when he hath plentifully feasted shall
rise and goe away without giving
thanks:

But now his worth nor sweetnesse of
aspect

Doe threaten or oblivion or neglect.

Let me therefore dispell these mists
of doubts and feares, and confident in
the powerfull assistance of my owne
beautie, presume him to bee my priso-
ner, as I am his.

But shall I forsake mother, husband,
& countrey? why not? shee is cruell, and
he unworthy, and that is my countrey
where I delight to live: but my repu-
tation will suffer. But why should the
buzz of fame awe me, since I shall not
heare it: they dare do nothing who are
so anxiously studious of their credit: nor
am I alone in this kinde of love; *Helen*,
Medea, and *Ariadne* are my precedents,
and crimes passe unnoted in the uni-
versalitie of the offenders. Thus di-
sputed the Lady with her selfe, and
poore *Enrialus* is melted with an equall
fire.

Lucretia had a house adjoyning to
the Court, so that *Enrialus* could
not

not come to the Pallace, but he received a gentle influence shot by *Lucretia* from out some window : but so oft as shee saw him, so oft did shee blush, so that the Emperour read her love in those red letters, and passing by her house, he would sometimes pull downe *Eurialus* his hat in his eyes, as if hee envied him the fruition of so daintie a spectacle.

Lucretia being alone by her self would resolve to extinguish this new flame, yet his presence ever rekindled it, for his sight was both the fire and fewell.

As a dry field, once set on fire,

If the winds blow it, flameth higher.

So did *Lucretia* burne. True is that opinion of the wise, that chastitie is most religiously enshrined in a humble cottage ; and lust the inseparable associate of great fortune inhabiteth the stateliest buildings. *Lucretia* having now often observed *Eurialus*, and unable to give her passion the checke, shee sat in counsel with her owne thoughts,

what Cabinet to choose where shee
might safely lay them up : For

He doth most torture feele,

That doth his flame conceale.

Shee had an old servant, by his name
Sofias, by his countrey a high *German* ;
him shee intendeth to assault, not so
much trusting the man as his nation.
Cesar was then going through the Citie
with a great traine, and when shee
knew *Enrialus* was neare the house,
shee called *Sofias*, and commanding
him to looke downe, asked if the world
would not bee posed to produce such
another troope of young gallants, their
compositions so strong, and yet so love-
ly, somewhat troubled her faith to be-
leeve, if they were men of that kind,
which her native *Thuscanie* bred.

They are of imortall birth

And sent from beaven to earth.

Had fortune drawne me a husband out
of this Lottery of men, although blind,
yet could shee not have erred ; should
you have told mee thus much of your

coun

hec cōntrīmen, I had gīven nō credit to
your relation, but now my eyes come
īn and confute my unbelēefe; I suppose
that lying Northerly they are behol-
den to the cold for much of their faire-
nesse. But know you any of them said
the Lady, he told her many; but *Lu-*
cretia not willing to be long at *Rovers*,
but to come more speedily to her
marke, asked if hee knew *Eurialus* of
Frankenland, as my self said *Sofias*; but
why make you that question? I shall
tell thee said *Lucretia*, and I know my
secret will be under seale, for thy good-
nesse bespeakes my confidence. It is
hee in whom my soule mooveth, nor
will my thoughts give any truce to my
sufferings, untill I bee made knowne to
him, let it bee your errand to tell him
I languish for him; I aske you but this,
and for this aske you what you please;
what is this said *Sofias* that I heare?
can I act, nay & I thinke such a villanie?
shall I betray my master, and bee a
knave now I am old, a name I trem-

bled at when I was young; rather dis-
posseſſe your brest of ſo uncleane a
ſpirit, and follow not the counſells of
your deluding hope: Love hath eaſily
the repulſe, if you make head againſt his
firſt ſallies: but who by flattering them-
ſelves ſhall give ground to this ſweete
miſchiefe, they ſell their libertie to a
moſt insolent maſter, and bind them-
ſelves to one who will never give them
backe their Indentures: your fire cannot
be hid with ſo much ſecrecy, but my
maſter will ſmell the ſmoke, and then
the greatnes of the fault may give your
expectatiō assurance what your puniſh-
ment will be. Peace foole ſaid *Lucretia*,
in a heart prepoſſeſt with love there
is no roome for terror: ſhe feares no-
thing, who feares not death, and is reſol-
ved to ſtand the malice of the extrea-
meſt event. But (replied *Sofias*) will
you ſullie the ſplendour of your fami-
lie, or do you thinke it an honour to be
the firſt adultreſſe of your houſe? nor
muſt you imagine you can ſinne, and
ſecurely

securelie finne. You have the guard of a thousand eyes about you, besides your husbands two, which have a faculty to discover secrets above that thousand ; Your servants are but so many spies, and if you bribe them into a silence, yet may your little dog bark, and reveale the fact with his inarticulate Dialects : The bed, which was oppress'd with your lascivious weight shall bee a plaintive against you, and the curtaines will disclose that lust which they did once conceale so closely. For it is a curse attending high crimes, not to finde where they may put affiance. But admit you deceive the diligent observation of Espialls, yet you cannot bee mask'd from the vindictive eye of Heaven, which will penetrate into the most abstruse recesses. In your owne bosome shall you carry your owne tormenter, & the light of your conscience will ever waite upon the darkenesse of your finne. I confesse these truths said *Lucretia*, but by the furious concitati-

on

on of my spirits I am hurried to their contrary: I see the precipice, yet wittingly doe I precipitate. Love and fury have usurped upon me, and will not suffer reason to bee interressed in their possession: Oft have I wraſtled but in vaine, and therefore conclude to execute loves Imperious mandates: by these white haire(said groaning *Sofias*) by this loyall brest, by my faithfull services I conjure you to curbe this passion, and in that bee your selfe your selves best Physition: for the first degree of cure consisteth in your willingness to be cured. Well *Sofias* (said *Lucretia*) modestie commands me to embrace your counsell: I have but one refuge left, by death to prevent this mischiefe. *Collatines* wife with her dagger vindicated the fact committed, but by a nobler course of justice I will anticipate the commission. I shall never permit that, replied *Sofias*. But who (said *Lucretia*) can hinder a mindē resolved to dye? The noble *Portia*, deprived

deprived of all instruments of death, swallowed downe burning coales, and by fire made a way to follow the ghost of her beloved *Brutus*. Nay (said *Socias*) if you are possessed with so resolute a furie, my studies shall bee rather to provide for your life than your reputation; for this fame is but a counterfeit glosse: the worst man may have a very faire one, and the best bee published with a harsh comment. I shall therefore assay *Eurialus*, and expresse all dilligence in the service: with these words her flame advanced, and her wavering minde anchord upon stronger hopes: but his purpose went not with his tongne; for he only intended to extenuate her heat by delayes, and put her off with false joyes, untill either the Emperour should leave the Citie, or she her resolution: Least upon her refusal, she might get her death, or a new agent, he often feigned to have bin with *Eurialus*, and that hee thought himselfe infinitely happie in her love, and laid waite

waite for all occasion to have some conference with her: sometime he told her hee could have no access to him; sometime upon pretence of businesse, hee absented himselfe from home, and so frustrated her sicke soule with dilatorie evasions. But that hee might have one truth among so many lies, he once gave *Eurialus* a light intimation; O said hee, how extremely are you beloved? Then sodainely withdrew himselfe, and left the poore Gentleman unsatisfied: but certainly *Eurialus* could give himselfe no rest, a stealthy fire consuming his veines, which did incinerate his marrow; yet little did hee know *Sofias*, and lesse did hee thinke that hee came from *Lucretia*. So incident is it to man never to have his hopes planted in so high a mounture as his desires: but at last seeing himselfe to be indeede in love, he severely beganne thus to call his judgement into question. Thou knowest *Eurialus* how Tyrannicall the Scepter of love is; a fit of laughter, with

with the penance of many a teare, a
minute of joy bought at the deare ex-
pence of a moneths feare, and a conti-
nall dying without a death ; but at last
instructed with many a triall, how
vaine it was to struggle with his passion,
hee cried for quarter and yeelded ;
comforting himselfe with the confide-
ration of the company, who before
him had fought under the banner of
Love. Hee remembers some of the
great Masters in Phylosophy admitted
in his Schoole, and Princes made sub-
iect to his Empire, denying that asser-
tion which denies,

That Majestie and Love,

In the same spheare can move.

Hercules (said hee) the indubiate scede
of the Gods, disarmed himselfe at the
command of his Mistresse, and chan-
ging his Clubbe for a Distaffe, drew a
thread with the same hand with which
hee drew blood : for it is a passion na-
turally implanted in all ; the airie regi-
ments are galled with this arrow,

For

For the Turtle's lov'd, they say,
Of the Greene Poppinjay.

And the cold inhabitants of the water
have this fire, Boresby whetting their
teeth, Lyons by shaking their manes
and the Harts by their bellowings give
signalls of this furie : nothing is love
prooffe, nothing impregnable to
love. Why then should I rebelliously
oppose a prescript of nature? No, since
love is so universall a Conquerour,
I am content to be his spoile; being now
confirmed, his *Quare* is for some good
old woman, that might carry a paper to
the Lady, one at last by the assistance
of *Nisas* (an excellent professor in the
Science) was procured to convey his
Letter, which spake thus.

Eurialus to Lucretia.

Lady, these lines should bring you
health, if the Writer had any, but he
health, and the hope of it, have a ne-
cessary dependance upon your good
ness. Above life I love you, nor can
thinke you a stranger to this truth, for
you

you might see my love in my teares,
and heare it in my sighes. Take it gra-
ciously if I give you the Table of my
thoughts : That beautie which hath
seated you above comparison, hath
surprised mee, and the *Venus* of your
face hath brought mee into captivitie.
I haue beene ever ignorant of this same
love, untill you taught mee the lesson;
and although I long contended to de-
fend my selfe from this servitude, yet
were my attempts ever subdued by
your splendour, and the beames of
your eyes more powerfull than those of
the Sunne, mollified mee to an obedi-
ence. I am therefore your Captive, and
follow the triumphant Chariot of
your excellencies : you have taken
from me the use of repose, and repast;
nay my selfe from my selfe : you are
the subject of my meditations and the
center of all my passions, it is you
whom I feare and love, hope, and
weepe for: you have all that I am, so that
whilst I am divided from my selfe, I
am

am undivided in you; you sit upon my life and death; let not your sentence be more cruell, than your eyes seeme mercifull: my letters begge onely this favour to have the honour to speake with you: the grant will bee my happinesse, but the deniall my ruine; farewell, Soule of my being.

These Letters, when his seale had enjoined them secrecie, were by this woman dispatched with all speede to *Lucretia*, whom shee found without any company, but that of her thoughts; Lady (said shee) this missive comes to kisse your hands at the directions of the noblest love in *Cæsars* Court, who humbly begs that you would be but as mercifull as you are faire. *Lucretia* knowing her to be a noted queane, was highly offended, not so much at the message, as the messenger. Thou filthy bawd (said shee) what boldnesse, or madnesse rather could counsell you to profane the threshold of a Magnifico's Pallace, and bring with you a little

my silent bawd, (a letter forsooth)
to scale the chaste brest of a ma-
tron, and negotiate the violation
of religious wedlocke. Were it
not that I had my owne honour, in
a higher esteeme than your desert,
you should bid farewell to all Let-
ters, and bee no longer the divells
footpost. Be gone therefore with
your packet: but no matter give me
the Letters, and by their entertain-
ment let your hot gallant bee instru-
cted how coldly his suit advanceth.
The paper shee presently tore in
peece, and spitting upon it (for her
teeth watred) threw it upon the
ground, where shee kicked it up and
downe, as if the very conceit would
not let her hold her heeles still: and
thus (saide she) lewd woman shouldst
thou bee used: but bee gone, and
shew thy love to thy selfe, in thy
care not to meete my husband, who
will pay thee my debt with interest.

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The Bawd might have feared to have miscarried in the action, had not her experience taught her, that the strong desires of women were inseparable from their strong denials. For the present shee ask'd the Lady mercie, and if shee had offended, begd a pardon for her sinne of ignorance, but withall advising her not to commit the greater sinne of contempt, shee tooke her leave. So returning to *Eurialus*, Happie lover said shee, take up your Passion, and give your sorrow leave to breath. Time would not give her leave to vie Letters with you, but shee out-vies you with her love. I found her in a great fit of melancholie, but the powerfull name of *Eurialus* conjured her up, and the soveraigne receipt of your letters, which shee often kissed, miraculously restored her to her selfe. With that shee departed, and conscious of the foule play

play shee had showne him resolv'd
to come no more upon that stage.
Soone as the old Hag was gone,
Lucretia finding the fragments of
the Letter, set the dislocated parts,
and with much questing retrived the
lost words: so that shee made a legi-
ble copie which a thousand times
shee read, and kis'd a thousand times;
then wrapping it up in a fine cloth,
shee layd it up with her Jewels, but
prizd it above them: and repeating
now one word, now another, shee
drunke love in deeply, and deter-
mined to write to him: the minde of
her letter was this:

Eurialus, Teach your hopes a
lower ambition than to fly at a
game which is not feasible: trou-
ble not your selfe to trouble mee,
but save the charge both of Letters,
and messengers, which imply that
you conceit me to be of their trade,
who sell themselves, and are both
C 2 their

their owne shoppes, and wares. Be disdeceived Sir, I am not shee for whom your errour mistooke mee, nor a woman to bee sued to by the mediation of a Bawd. Seeke to prostitute some other, I will bee the mistresse onely of an honorable love, doe with others as your pleasure shall counsaile you. Farewell Sr. and let your requests to mee be both advis'd, and noble.

Although this Epistle seemed harsh to him, and of a straine different from the Bawds relation, yet it opened a way to their mutuall commerce of Letters, for he could not but trust her, who had adventured to trust him: his ignorance of the *Italian* was a principall impediment, but love made him so ingenious, and so industrious, that in a short time hee arrived to a competencie in the Language, so that enabled to bee his owne Secretary hee
answerd

answerd to this purpose;

Lady; It is an act of injustice to be so highly offended with mee for that my Letters were presented to you by a hand so infamous: for seeing I was a stranger and knew it not, by the law my fact may bee excused by my ignorance. That I did send to you let, it be an imputation upon my love, and such a love, as harbours nothing but honorable intentions. Let my confidence of your chastitie beget in you an assurance of my love: for I detest a woman that is prodigall of her honour, of which being once despoiled, shee is not the subject of any thing which can bee the subject of a commendation. Beautie is a good, no lesse corruptible than lovely, and if it wants modesty, it wants too many graines to bee current. But shee who hath joyned chastitie to her forme, hath inrolled her selfe in the

list of the Gods. In you faire Lady is met this admirable union, the sole cause which hath Sainted you in his devotion, who would sollicite nothing that might prejudice your fame. Deigne me onely the libertie to speake with you, that my words may give you a full display of that affection, which cannot be bounded in the narrow limits of my Letter. This Epistle was accompanied with a present, rich for the materialls, and curious for the worke, and thus replied upon by *Lucretia*.

Sr. I received your Letters, and admit of your Apologie. That you love me is none of my wonders, for you are neither the first, nor the onely man that hath homaged to my beautie. Many have, and yet doe court me, but their travailes were frustrated, and doe not promise to your selfe any better event. To speake with you I neither can, nor will:

ady will: to finde me alone is impossible
sole unlesse you could assume the shape
n his of a Bird, which is no lesse impossi-
icite ble; for my lodgings are high, and
your a guard hath made all the entries in-
ertie accessible. I accept your token, and
ords am wonne to that onely by the ele-
that gancie of the workmanship. But
ded to let you know I will neither be in
ter. your debt, nor take it as a pledge
with of your love, I returne you a Ring
and with a stone in it of such a valew,
re- that what you sent mee was rather
sold than given. Farewell.

Eurialus returned this answer.

Excellent Lady, Your mercy hath
for set a Period to your complaints a-
the gainst the Bawd: and in that is my
to joy: but you will not give entertain-
loc ment to my disesteemed love, and in
ere that is my torment. For although
to you are beleagred with a multiplici-
to tie of loves, yet none of them dare
or stand forth to parallell mine. Yet

ll: C 4 will

will not you beleeeve this, which infidelitie ariseth from your severe refusall of conference; but were that permitted, it would beget faith in you and rectifie your opinion of my worth. I could wish to bee unmand into a bird, or rather (if wishes were effectuell) to bee transformed into a Flea, and so not to bee excluded by the narrowest crevis. But (deare *Lucretia*) why say you, you will not speake with him, whose All is yours, and whose profession it is to bee such a servant as shall anticipate your injunctions by his obedience? O forget that same word I will not: and carry not death in your mouth, and life in your lookes. Let not that sentence bee irrevocable, which pronounced that to love you was but to abuse my selfe and my time. Abandon this crueltye, and turne your stile, or conclude to bee my murderer: for be confident that

to

to mee your breath is more inevitably mortall, than anothers weapon. Love is the totall of my desires; but say, you love, and make mee really happie. How that meane present stands in your esteeme, I dispute not, seeing your acceptance hath set a price upon it above its first value. Your Ring shall never from my finger, which supplies the place of your lips, and is kist for them. Farewell my delight, and doe not envie me those joyes, which you may conferre upon mee with such facilitie:

Having thus often bandied one to another, at last *Lucretia* tooke a paper, in which shee drew the counterfeite of her minde with these lines.

Eurialus, I could willingly entitle you to what I am, for your worth doth challenge love, and your gallant qualities command it. I speake
not

not how I am surprizd with your
beautie, and extasied with your face
so full of Loves, and Cupids : Yet
I dare not love, for were I once en-
terd into those amorous lists I should
observe neither measure nor meane:
you cannot be here long, and I, if I
once come into play, must alway be
in action. The examples of those so
many, forsaken by forreine loves,
are my so many advertisements not
to prosecute your love. *Iason* trea-
cherously cosened *Medea*, by
whose alone assistance hee finished
the adventure of the golden Fleece :
And *Theseus* whom *Ariadne* did ex-
tricate out of the fatall Labyrinth,
ignobly left that distressed Lady in
an uninhabited Iland, the worse La-
byrinth of the two. I know what
an inconveniencie it is to imbrace a
strangers love, and untill I shall bee
of the forlorne hope will not engage
my selfe in so certaine a danger:
you

you men are of a spirit more confirmed, and have a greater command over your passions: but poore impotent women! if they once take this fit of raging, nothing but death can bee Physicke to their phrensie: They are rather out of themselves than in love, and if they meete not a correspondent returne of affection, nothing so dreadfull as a woman in that furie: when this fire hath once insinuated, we respect neither fame, nor fate, and must either enjoy our love, or not live. The greatnesse of the want of what wee would have, addes degrees to the greatnesse of our desires: and wee expose our breasts to the menaces of destruction, so wee may sate the impatient longings of our appetites. But I, who am as nobly married, as I was nobly descended, have decreede with my selfe to barricado all passages, and make good
the

the place against the forcible entrie of love: and of yours in chiefe, who being a stranger may give mee as unworthy a farewell, as *Demophoon* did to the unfortunate *Phyllis*. Bee therefore over intreated not to sollicite my love, and to cancell your owne, and if you doe love, make demonstration of that truth in desisting from a suit which inferres my ruine, as it's necessary consequent. Farewell.

Eurialus not cool'd but heate with these Letters called for a Pen, and contrived this answer. All happinesse to my life *Lucretia*; you have restored mee to Health with the Dose of your Letter; yet was it not all Cordiall, but blended with some gall, which I hope shall be no ingredient in the next. I read it often, and kist it oftner: but it seemes to intimate something contrary to
your

your former overtures. It counsaile
me not to love, because it is not ex-
pedient for you to doe so, and this
you would evince by the instances
of some Ladies who have beene be-
trayed by strangers; which you
have done with such Rhetorick that
you rather teach me to admire than
to forget you, whilst you command
me not to love you with eloquence,
which commands mee to love you.
The more I read the more my
flames advanced to see that delicate
conjunction of wit, and beaurie. To
bid me not love is to bid a streame
recoile into its first head, and to
command a mountaine to hum-
ble it selfe to a vallie. If *Scythia*
can bee without Snow, or Hea-
ven without motion; then can
Eurialus bee, and his love
not bee. It is not so easie for
men to rake up their flames
as you imagine, for what you
ascribe

ascribe to our sex, many have imputed to yours. But I shall not reply upon you, rather answer to your induction, which from the treachery of some few strangers would definitively conclude mee false. You have musterd up some few authorities, but I could give you a Catalogue of more forlorne soules, who have beene deserted and ruind by Ladies. *Troilus* deluded by *Chryseis*, *Deiphobus* undone by *Helena*.

Anna Circe with her charmes, her lovers suits,

In skins of Swine, and hides of other brutes.

But it is bad Logicke to conclude universally from particular premises: and if for the falsehood of two or three men you shall unjustly quarrell all mankind, by as good a consequence, for the perjuries of as few women, may I bid defiance to the whole sex. Some others love
may

may supply us with a better coppie after which to write our owne: That of *Antonie* and *Cleopatra* was a love contracted betweene strangers, and yet inviolable.

How many of the Græcians at *Troy* were taken by those Ladies whom they had taken, and so powerfully detained by those forreine loves, that by a miraculous kind of oblivion, they did forget their countrey, before they could forget their Mistresses. Deare *Lucretia* let these be your precedents, seeing he that now sueth for you will ever love, and ever be yours. Nor call mee a stranger, for I am Citizen of this place, by a better title than a Native: for hee was made one by his fortune, but I by my choise. No countrey shall bee mine, but where you are, for your presence can make mee a free Denison of any place. When I goe from hence, my returne

turne shall be speedy, for my journey into *Germany* is but to settle my estate that my stay with you may bee the longer. I shall easily finde pretenses to reside here, for *Cesar* hath many affaires of state in these parts, and I shall so prevaile with him, that their dispatch may bee commended to my care: sometimes I will bee here in some Embassage, sometimes upon some other imployment: besides he must have a deputie in *Thuscane*, and I dare give my selfe the promise of that charge. Therefore doubt not sweet *Lucretia*, the rather because you and my heart are convertible, and if I can be without one, I can bee without the other. At last therefore extend your pittie to one,

Who like Snow dissolves away

Exposed to the sunny ray.

Take my languishment into your noble consideration, and at last set a happie period to my miserie. Looke
upon

upon my pale and extenuated body, and wonder that my soule remooves not out of so ruinous a habitation. Had I killed your father, your ingenious crueltie could not invent more exquisite torments. Ah my *Lucretia*, how severe would you be against the prophane contemptners of your beautie, who thus trample upon your prostrate votaries. No longer continue my sufferings, but receive me into your grace, that I may be, and in that happy, the servant of *Lucretia*. Farewell.

As a Tower which broken within seemeth outwardly impregnable, suddainly falleth with the batterie of the Ram, so did *Lucretia* fall at this assault. And confident of his loyall integritie, shee reveal'd her dissembled love, and unmask'd her selfe in this Letter.

Eurialus, I can no longer make good the place against you, nor any longer deny you a place in the brest of *Lucretia*. You have won the field, and I am yours. I have made my selfe obnoxious to too

but

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many

many dangers, if I bee not secured by your providence, and fidelitie. Faithfully observe what you have written, for I come now to give you livery, and seisin of my love, and if you shall ever surrender this possession you are a villaine, and a Traitour. It is an easie thing to overreach a poore Gentlewoman, but the facilitie of the fact addes to the foulesse of it. As yet there is no hurt, and if you thinke me worthy of a desertion let me know so much before my flame bee enraged by the addition of a new violence : and let us not at all beginne that which must bee concluded with repentance. In all actions the end is principally attended by the agent : I have but little foresight the true character of my sex : but you are a man, and assuming to your selfe a double charge, must bee a guardian to us both. I present you with the dedication of my selfe, and honour your faith, to whose bosome I have let my love for terme of life, and not as tenant at will. Farewell guide of my life,
and

and starre of my course.

Afterthis, many ejaculations passed betweenethem, and never did *Eurialus* write so ardently, but *Lucretia* answered with an ardencie as equall. There was nothing wanting now but conveniencie of meeting, which seemed to be joyn'd with a kind of impossibilitie, the Lady being guarded with the observation of so many eyes. *Argus* kept not a stricter watch over the Heifer at the command of the jealous goddes, than *Menelaus* had set over *Lucretia*. It is the nationall sinne of *Italy* to immure and locke up their wives as they doe their mony, which wise men have thought to bee none of the best pollicies. For women doe most violently long after forbidden fruits : what you will, they reject, and your severest prohibitions are their hottest pursuits : had they but the reines in their neck, they would not trip so often: If a woman be not chaste out of her owne free and noble inclination, bolts, and keepers are but impertinent vanities.

For who is't, can those keepers keepe, for
them

Finely to win, is her first stratagem.

Lucretia had a brother, who was of
her counsell, and the faithfull *Mercurie*
betweene her selfe and *Enrialus*. Hee is
entrusted with all privacy to receive *En-
rialus* into the house, which hee might
doe, for he lived with *Lucretias* mother,
whom *Lucretia* did often visit. The plot
was this; That, *Enrialus* being shut up
in some closet, after the old Lady was
gone to her devotions, *Lucretia* should
come in to *Enrialus*, colouring her love
with the pretext of a dutifull visit. The
terme of two dayes was the time prefix-
ed for this amorous designe, which were
as so many yeares to the longing cou-
ple: for although to men in feare time
hath a winged heele, yet to men in hope
it walkes with leaden sockes. But for-
tune shined not upon the desires of the
Lovers, for *Lucretias* mother had smelt
out the conspiracie, and upon the day
assigned, she went from home, but lockt

out

out her sonne in law, who presently carried the sad newes to *Eurialus*, which was no lesse grievous to *Lucretia*: who seeing that the plot was detected, well said shee, since I cannot arrive at my wished Port by this passage, I will attempt a new one, nor shall my mother glory, that shee could stop the eddie of my impetuous affections. There was one *Pandalus*, a Gentleman allied to her husband, him shee called to the Table, and made of her counsell, for her minde once enfired was incapable of rest. She signified to *Eurialus* by letter that hee might confidently impart his counsells to him, as a man of experienced fidelitie, and the fittest instrument to contrive their meetings. But *Eurialus*, who had observed this *Pandalus* never to be from *Menelaus* his side, doubted his honestie, and suspected some treason. While he is in this demurre, hee is dispatched away to *Rome* to treat with his Holinesse about the Coronation of *Sigismund*: which cast both the lovers into an Agonie,

nie, but *Cæsars* authoritie must be obeyed. For the space of two moneths (for so long he was absent) *Lucretia* confined herselfe to her Chamber, and put on mourning weeds, as if he had beene departed the world, who was but departed *Thuscanie*. All wonderd, but none knew the cause of it, which indeede was the reason why they wonderd, for ignorance is the cause of admiration. The whole family thought it self in darkenes as if the Sunne had bin eclipsed, for the light of her beautie was commonly overcast with her curtaines, and the light of her smiles was never seene. In this state shee continued, till shee heard newes of *Eurialus* his returne, and that *Cæsar* was gone to meete him. Then as if awaked out of sleepe, shee stripped off her mourning apparell, and resuming her former dresse she, opened the window, and joyously expected him. So soone as *Cæsar* saw her, O (said he) *Eurialus* no longer deny a truth so evident; this Sun was set, while you were gone,

gone, but you have brought us the morning, and the Sunne is againe risen. Love hath no boundures, and it can bee concealed no more than the Cough. It is your pleasure Sr. (said *Eurialus*) to bee merry, and to amaze mee with riddles. Perchance the noyse, and neighing of the Horses brought her to the window: with that he stole a looke, and constelated his eyes with hers: and this was their first parley, but a silent one. Not many dayes were passed, before *Nisus* (a trustie servant to *Eurialus*, and a great favourer of the cause) had spied out a Victuling house, which being situated on the backe side of *Menelaus* his Palace, had the prospect of *Lucretias* Chamber. Hee quickly had won the Victuler to secrecie, and then brought his master thither, where hee sate privately expecting when fortune would present herselfe to his sight, nor was his expectation deceived: for at last shee appeared; and *Eurialus* no sooner saw her, but (said he) how faires the gover-

nesse of my life, turne thy aspect higher, and make me happie with its influence. Art thou there my deare *Enrialus* (said *Lucretia*) I have now the happinesse to heare thee speake, but this accursed distance envieth me the happinesse of thy embraces. A Ladder (said *Eurialus*) shall remove that difficultie, doe you but make fast your Chamber doore, for wee have too long procrastinated our joyes. O my *Eurialus* said shee, if you render my safetie be more circumspect; here is a very suspicious window, and a worse neighbour; as for that Victuler, a little mony will purchase him to betray us both: we will walke in a securer tract, and for the present acquiet ourselves, that wee have had this libertie of conference. After they had drawne out their discourse to some length, and by a reede mutually enterchanged favours, they sadly tooke their leaves. *Sofras* having now founded their purposes, in vaine (said he to himselfe) doe I oppose their attempts; if I doe not intervene
with

with some devise, my Lady will be ruined, and my Mistresse defamed. Of these mischiefs it shall be my province to avert one. Let my Mistresse love; if her love bee secret it cannot but bee secure. But her passion hath blinded her, and put out her providence. If therefore wee cannot bridle that, wee will labour to muzzle report, and keepe the house inviolate from the aspersions of infamie. I have hitherto resisted the commission of this unlawfull act, but since I can make head no longer, it shall now be my last care, that, that bee secretly done, which I see will be done. For it little differs, eyther not to doe, or so to doe, that no man knowes the doing. Sensualitie is generally implanted in all, nor is hee a man whom this fury doth not haunt, and he is most chaste, that is most cautious. Whilst hee thus reasons with himselfe, *Lucretia* came out of her chamber, to whom having addrest himselfe, hee humbly demanded the reason, why shee thought his bosome a casket

casket too unworthy for her secrets of love? I know said he you love *Eurialus*, and without my privitie would love him, but bee circumspect whom you make a sharer in your counsels, for you are a servant to him, who is the master of your secret. The first degree of wisdom is not at all to love: The second to love closely, and to blind the world, as your passion hath blinded you. This you cannot doe alone without the assistance of a third: my heart hath beene proved true to you by the Test of time, and the Index of a long experience. If you shall please to encharge me with any thing, command with all assurance: it shall bee my studie that your love bee not unmasked, and your selfe exposed to punishment, and your husband to obloquie, and scorne. Honest *Sofias* (replied *Lucretia*) I confesse this truth, and confidently repose my trust in you, presuming that my affiance will oblige your fidelitie, but you were me thought, somewhat cold in second-
ding

ding my desires, or rather hot in opposing them, yet since I see you undertake my cause as a voluntary, I shall entertaine your service, nor suspect any treachery, an improvident act of many who have taught others to deceive them by seeming fearefull to be deceived. You know, that I burne extreamely, and therefore cannot burne long, for the violence of a motion is an enemy to its continuance. *Eurialus* languisheth for love, and I dye: and to oppose our Passions is to advance them. One meeting would rebate our edge, and rectifie our loves to a moderation. Goe therefore to *Eurialus* and informe him that the povertie of our fortune will afford us but one way of access, if foure dayes hence, when our Peasants bring the Corne home, he will humble himselfe into the habit of a Porter: the gods are his precedents who have masked under more inglorious disguises. Thus dissembling his person, and our purpose under a Frocke let him carrie Wheate into the Granarie.

Granarie. Give him a punctuall situation of my Chamber, where I shall attend him at the day prefixed: and when courteous opportunitie shall leave him alone, let him enter my lodging, where I will be found with no more companie than himselfe brings with him: *Sofias* although sensible of the danger, yet apprehensive of a greater imbarques for the action: and finding *Eurialus*, he delivers him those instructions hee had in commission from his Lady, which although in themselves very weightie, yet they seemed light in the seale of his estimation: hee hugges the attempt, and addresses himselfe to the adventure, and complaines of nothing but those same foure ages, which *Sofias* had cald by the name of foure dayes.

So insensate is the brest of an *Inamorato*, and so desperatly is the eye of his judgement seeld up, that his heart takes no impression from the justest cause of terrour, and the apprehension of a danger was never there. His Optickes are

so

so irregular, that all objects lose the truth of what they are, their Ideas being defaced by his abused imagination. What is most inaccessible presenteth a smooth surface in a lovers Glasse, and the greatnesse of any undertaking is lessen'd in his perspective. The anxious watches of a jealous husband, are in his valuation as vaine as his dreames, which proceeds from the want of feare, which was never one of *Cupids* retinue, and contempt of love, which in his judgement is but a Goblin to awe simplicity. Such an invincible Rascall is that same blinde Lad, that he can Cow the bravest spirit beneath the lowest servitude. *Eurialus* high in the favour of his Prince, and Fortune, but so high in the impregnable tower of his owne judgement, that it is not imaginable that hee should sinke to an humility so base: yet this *Eurialus* exchanged Scarlet with Sackcloth, and hee that grew up in the delicacie of all softnesse, did now harden his shoulders to the patience

tiencie of a burden. Since our owne age hath enabled us to give evidence of a transformation so prodigious, wee will not dispute the realitie of those famous metamorphoses, which were transmitted to posteritie by the most delicate of the *Romane* wits: for although those changes were not naturall by the assumption of shapes, yet they were morall by the harmony of Conditions: so that where the nobler operations of the discursive parts are drowned in a Lethargie of sensuallie, you must looke for such a creature in the History of Beasts; for the inquirie would be ridiculous, should you search in the definition of man. The morning did now leave old *Tithons* bed, to doe a courtesie to a younger lover: and the Sun rendering all things in their colours, could not but give *Eurialus* a fresh one; who by his owne sentence then pronounced himselfe happie (such corrupt judges are wee of felicitie) when a childe new come from the Arch of his Cradle, would

would have doomed him miserable: when hee was mingled with the contemptible croud of Porters: where hee accounted that his glory, which is the opposite to glory, to lie obscur'd and unknowne. Thus our gallant Porter jogges on to the house, where hee learnedly filleth his sacke, and having emptied it in the Granarie, as being puney in this fraternitie, came last downe. In his way (as his instructions taught him) he gently opened her chamber doore, of which, by the description of *Sofias*, hee had a Mathematicall knowledge: which hee as suddenly shut, as hee had entred privily; there hee findes *Lucretia* alone busie with a need'e, in expectation of other imploiment. Advancing neare: Thou great Tresurer of my spirits, said he, which art president of my life, and hopes; I have now found thee alone out of the danger of any House informers, and shall be initiated in thy chaste embraces, which hath beene the summarie of my desires. No
inter-

interposed wall can now eclipse thy beauties, nor the tyranny of distance any longer usurpe upon my eyes. *Lucretia*, although her selfe the Projectresse was astonished at the first encounter, imagining that shee saw some spirit, and not *Eurallius*, and thinking it incredible, that so great a man should runne so great an hazzard, shee stood amazed at her owne workmanship, and her invention almost put her out of her wits. But *Eurallius* was a very good womans Doctor, and with some kisses well applied restored her to her senses, and selfe. Poore heart, said shee, art thou hee? Art thou my *Eurallius*? And having her cheekes double died (for the tincture of a blush was added to their Roses) shee gave him such an embrace, as if shee intended an union of soules. His forehead shee sweetely prest with her lippes, and intermingling words with kisses; ah, said shee, upon what a doubtfull cast hast thou plaid: it shall be to mee an indu-
biat

biat argument of thy loyaltie, and I were
Infidell, should I require a second de-
monstration. Thou hast made an unde-
ceiveable experiment of thy love, and
my faith, shall bee found; a prize wor-
thy the adventure,

*Fate prosper what we have designd,
And fan us with auspicious winde.*

While I live, not any man but thy selfe,
shall by the least colour entitle himselfe
to mee: no, not my husband, if hee may
boast that name, who never had my
heart, and my hand onely which was
forced, and therefore not obligatorie.
Come on thou extract of my delight,
and pleasures, cast off this Frocke, and
let me see thee as thou art, not persona-
ting another in a disguise. Put off the
Porter, and put on *Eurialus*. Then un-
casing himselfe of those sordid weedes,
he appeard in the lustre of an unclouded
Sunne, and by the forwardnesse of his
desires, as well as the bravery of his ap-
parrell, he spake himselfe to bee what
thee expected. But now *Sofias* who
E stood

stood sentre knocked at the doore, and warned the gentle lovers to provide for their safetie; for *Menelaus*, in great hast was comming for something in that Chamber. You must said hee play the jugler to cast a mist before his eyes, and gull him with some fallacie. Said *Lucretia* suddainly, by that bed there is a blind Cloffet, in which are all my Jewells of price, of which I value you to be the richest, and will put you up in the same Cabinet. You may remember what I have writ to you, if wee should be at any time faire to bee taken by my husband, *Dammage faisant*, Goe in boldly, the darkenesse will be your securitie: so that you neither move, nor spit. *Eurialus* was in some doubt what to doe, but finding that time could spare no place for consultation, hee resolved upon execution, and concluded to take her advise: with that shee opened the doore, and returned to her needle. *Menelaus* and *Betus* with him are now entered to search for some records appertaining

taining to the State: but not finding them in any of the Deskes, they are without question said *Menelaus* in that Cloffet, and command *Lucretia* to bring a light to looke there. *Eurialus* terrified at the word, his blood discomfited in his face made a retreat to his heart. And now beginning to hate *Lucretia*, he severely declaimed against his owne lightnesse, the alone cause of his present captivitie. I shall now, said hee, be publickly traduced: the losse of my Princes favour is inevitable, and that of my life is too faire a possibilitie. What power created, or can safetie herselfe rescue me from destruction? O the simplest of what ever was called man, who have made my owne ruine my Option. At what intollerable rates are these pleasures of love sold, for the buyer is oftenthe price of his own ware? Yet for loves cause, which like smoake, then vanisheth when it is at the highest, we will skruer our selves into the most inextricable streights. I am my selfe an example

of this sad Truth, for humane reason cannot furnish me with so much thread, as will cleare me of this Labyrinth. If pittying fate would send mee a gracious Liberate, love should never make mee another *Mittimus*. Kind Heavens redeeme me hence, and dispense with this youthfull error: doe not severely measure my ignorances in all their dimensions, but reserve me till repentance hath made an atonement for my delinquencies; for it will be your greater glory that I live a monument of your mercie, than die a sacrifice to your justice. It was *Lucretias* purpose not to love, but to betray, and to bring mee like a poore Hart into the Toile. This day is the period of my life if the date bee not extended by the power of an omnipotent hand. I have often heard of the impostures of women, & never had the wit to decline them, but if I come off now, I will bid defiance to all their future stratagems.

Lucretia her self was in as great an agonie, distracted with a double feare, both
for

for her lovers safetie, and her ownē. But as it happens in unexpected occurrences, the conceit of a woman, is more present than that of a man (the suddenesse of the danger setting an edge upon her wit) shee had instantly contrived a remedy. Husband, said shee, there is a box in the window, where I remember you used to put some of your records, let us see if these you now looke for bee not there : and with that running hastily to the Box with a pretense to open it, shee thrust it out at the window with such art, that they supposed, it had been by chance, and not her intention. O husband, said shee, haste that we suffer not: the Box is fallen downe, make all speede least either Jewels, or writings be lost : for Heavens sake get you downe, and in the interim I shall watch that nothing be stolen. See the boldnesse of the woman; the best eye hath beene deluded by their false apparitions. Hee onely was never deceived, whom his wife never attempted to deceive : but hee

that hath escaped, and yet hath beene layd at, let him ascribe his felicitie to his Stars, and not to his Providence. *Menelaus* and *Betus* mooved with this accident so much concerning them, run speedily downe into the streete. The house being built high after the *Thuscan* manner had many staes to bee descended, which favour'd *Eurialus* with time to provide for his better securitie: who by the counsell of *Lucretia* tooke a new covert. Having now gathered up the Jewels and writings but not finding those they came for, they returned to search those Boxes, which were in the Cloffet, where *Eurialus* first tooke sanctuary. There they met with the papers, and having taken leave of *Lucretia* they departed. Then did she open the doore to her sweet prisoner, and invite him forth with the delicate compellations of, Thou living fource of my delights, and summarie wherein all my joyes are abbreviated, and yet not lessend by the contraction: wee have
now

now libertie to discharge our minds by conference, and to let our selves loose to the freedome of uncontrol'd embraces. Our pleasure will be more endeard, and fined by this difficultie of the beginning, which though the perversnesse of fortune would have nipped, and blasted, yet some favourable power, unwilling to see so loyall a paire abandon'd to destruction, kept life in our love by a gentler Influence. Here is now neither place nor cause for feare, let mee therefore embrace thee, thou armefull of Roses, and Lillies: why dost thou stand? Why dost thou doubt? I am thy *Lucretia*, dost thou abhorre her touch? (*Eurialus* his shaking fit having scarce left him) mustred up his spirits, and in his armes closely entwined his Mistresse: never, said he, was I arrested with so terrible an expectation of death. But the greatnesse of worth makes the sufferings, and deservings of thy servants inferiour to the acquist: and if things be ratable to their vaw,

then it is a breach of commutative justice, that such kisses, and embraces should be banished away *Gratis*. And my selfe (for ingenuity will speak truth) have bought this good at an under rate, having paid nothing for it but the feare of danger. Could I so dye, as to live againe, and enjoy thee: a thousand times would I dye, to revive and enjoy thee a thousand times. O the felicity that I am estated in! Doe I see a vision, or is my joy a reall one? Doe I indeed embrace thee, or am I deluded with a phantasme? No surely, here is no apparition, for this is flesh, not spirit. *Lucretia* was arrayed in a vety thinne Pall, which did sticke to her so close, and without wrinkle, that it rendred her brests, and hippes in their true figure, and dissembled not her most private motions. Her necke was purely white; and her eyes did flame strongly: butto say white like the snow, or flaming like the sunne, were to dishonour her with the beggerlinesse of the similitude. A
cheere;

cheerefull looke, a lively face: the Lilly, and Rose are but the obscure types and shadowes of those delicate tinctures laid on her cheek by the pencill of Nature. Her laughter was free, but modest, her brest full, and her paps like two Pomegranates, did rise up on either side with a gentle, and tempting swelling: which as they did beate, gave both a signall, and a challenge to the encounter. *Eurialus* his continency was too weake, any longer to abide the Triall: and the poore Gentleman was not mortified enough to combate so violent a temptation: but having already left his feare, he resolv'd to leave his modesty too, and so boarding the Lady, Now, said hee, let us make our selves one, in each others reciprocall fruition, she (resisted, it seemes it is an old fashion) telling him a tale of the great care forsooth shee had of her reputation, & that she imagined that his love would be limited within the boundures of kisses, and pretty talking. At that *Eurialus* smiling assaulted her with
this

this *Dilemma*. Either it is knowne, said he, that I am here, or not: if it bee knowne, who will not suspect the rest? and it will bee a simple thing in you to undergoe such an imputation, and doe nothing for it: but if it be unknowne, then this likewise shall no man know: it is the earnest of my Love, and to want it, is to dye. It is a sinne, said *Lucretia*, Nay, said *Eurialus*, it is a sinne not to make use of a good thing, when you may. To refuse this occasion so freely vouchsafed by your selfe, and so diligently laboured for by mee, were to slight your noble favour, and to give the lye to my owne endeavours. And with that taking hold of her wrist, hee easily overcame her, who did but pre- vacilate in her resistance, and fight with a purpose to bee overthrowne. Nor did the fruition of her bring any satiety to his appetite, although usually such desires are emptied, and evaporated in the enjoying; it did rather adde a thirst to his drop sic. But *Eurialus* having an eye

eye upon his danger, after hee had refreshed himselfe with a banquet tooke leave of the most unwilling *Lucretia*: from whom he went, unsuspected, and unobserved, being onely taken for what hee was not, a Porter, walking homeward, hee beginnesto wonder at himselfe, being by himselfe almost put out of his owne knowledge: and pensively considers, what the event might bee, if *Cæsar* should meete, and know him. Into what a jealousie (said hee to himselfe) would this confused habit put him: I should be the common Table-talk, and the best helpe to discourse; I should never be at quiet, till hee had extorted from mee the mystery of this clownish disguise. But I should be bold to acquaint his Highnesse with a very little of the Truth: he should not know that *Menelaus* his house was the scene, and that I personated the Porter upon that stage: for *Cæsar* is privately my Rivall, and it would prove a matter of dangerous consequence, were there but
the

the least whisper abroad, that the man had beene in the saddle, before the Master could put his foote in the stirrup. *Lucretia* must not be discovered, she entertained me, she saved me: and my silence is the least reward I can pay her, for her fidelity. While hee thus talked with himselfe, he espyed *Palinurus*, and his trusty *Achates*; but was at home before they could discover him: then having doft his frocke, he told them all the passages of his adventure. His passions had so strongly continued their impressions in him; that in the relation of his feare, and joy, hee seemed to the spectators really still to feare, and really still to joy. Foole, said I to my selfe, to consigne my safety, to the faith of a woman, and adventure my life in so weake a vessell, whose contrary hath beene so often commanded by my Father, that to have perished in the fact, had been the merit of my disobedience. He would discourse to me of their inclinations, and manners, in so hated a language,

guage, that hee offered violence to my eares: for not any name which implied vice, but with him was an Epithite, worthy that sexe. I was thus taught, but I forgot my lesson. If I had beene knowne by any man, swearing under my burden, the dishonour would have been traduced to my posterity; and it would seeme an abatement in my Coat, when my Heire should be told that his Father bore a sacke in his Armes. I had beene lost to *Cæsar*, who would have thought my Levity fitter for a Bedlam, than a Court. But to interpret favourably for my selfe, admit my Master had passed it for a jest; what if her husband when he was hunting for his papers, had started me? The Law of *Italy* is severe enough against the violaters of the marriage bed, but the griefe of a wronged husband enlargeth it selfe to a vengeance, that will not be limited, nor mitigated by Law.

*One Husband whips th' Adulterer dead,
Another stabs him in his bed.*

But

But suppose hee had spared my life, hee would send mee to the Gaole, or which is worse, to *Cesar*: And grant that I had delivered my selfe from him, hee being disarmed, and I having an approved sword secretly by my side, yet there were others with him, and the roome had weapons to furnish them. Besides in the house were many tall fellows, who would presently have shut the doores, and then tortured me with such an extremity, as would have extinguished the memory of the persecutions. But chance, not cunning, redeemed me from this slaughter-house. Yet why should I call that chance which was the dexteritie of *Lucretia's* wit, and so unjustly robbe her the honour of my delivery. Singular is this love, and this Lady goes alone. Deare *Lucretia*, thy selfe art Argument enough to confute my Fathers invectives, and to vindicate thy whole kinde from the imputation of an inconstancie. Why should I doubt then to lay my life in thy
faire

faire hands, and dedicate it to the protection of so pure a faith. Had I a thousand neckes, I would render them all to thy custody: for thy vertues are fidelitie and circumspection, from whence a prudence is derived, by which thou know'st how to love, and how to save thy Lover. Invention it selfe could not have contrived a neater tricke to divert those importunate searchers: whom thou didst delude with so much Art, as if thou hadst bin born for this end alone to be recorded the Author of so memorable an escape. Thou wert the preserver of my life, be pleased to be the disposer of it; and what it was first thy favour to save, be it now thy Grace to accept. I am thy creature, and my breath is from thy benevolence, which in thy service I shall be as ready to lose, as thou wert ready to save; for both my life and death are thy Prerogative. I am ravished with the speculation of the peculiar rarities of thy wit and beautie, and shall my selfe be sicke, unlesse I give them

them another visite. When shall I make the second impression of my love, upon thy yeelding lippes, and with my fingers make so many dimples upon thy tender pappes? That which thou hast seene *Achates*, is not enough to make thee truely say, thou sawest her. There be degrees of activitie in her lookes, for at a distance they wound, and at hand they murder. Hadst thou beene with mee, thou hadst beene strooke with a more confounding sight, then *Tantalus* his friend, when that *Lydian* King, in a pretty frolicke, shewed him his wife naked: And had I power, my faithfull *Achates*, I would present thee with the like spectacle: for neither can I with all the flourish of Rhetoricke give you the description of her features: nor canst thou by all the vigour of meditation comprehend the plenitude of my joyes. Congratulate therefore with me, and content thy selfe with this small portion of knowledg, seeing that words are too narrow interpreters to expresse
her

her many graces, and that my pleasure had something in it more copious, and significant than language. Thus *Eurialus* talked with *Achates*, and *Lucretia* talked as much with her selfe. Yet was her joy lesse for want of a partner. Griefe, indeed a passion contracting the heart, is lessened by communication, because it is a motion opposite to that contraction: But joy, a Passion distending the heart, is augmented by communication, because it is a motion concurring with that distention. But *Eurialus* must not love alone; for to love *Lucretia*, and to love without a Rivall, is in the number of impossibles: it being a fortune attending great beauties, to have a multitude of flies to court their flames.

Baccarus a Knight of *Hungary*, a man both noble by his birth, and by his nearnesse to *Cæsars* person, fell extremely in love with her: his hope perswaded that she loved him by an argument drawne from his face, which he knew lovely: but his feare dissuaded

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the contrary, by an argument drawne from her breast, which hee thought chaste.

Lucretia, after the manner of the *Thascan* Ladyes, dispensed the smiles of her browes upon the Courtiers, with so fine an impartiality, that while none of them saw others preferd, every one by a flattering application made himselfe the man. It is an Art, or rather a tricke which our Ladies practise whereby to dissemble their love. *Baccarus* is in a manner dispossessed of the state of his Reason, and no counsell can reestablish him in it, untill he hath some acquaintance with *Lucretia's* minde, which was thus attempted. The Gentlewomen of *Sienna*, have a custome to visite our Ladies Chappell, about a mile from the City. Thither went *Lucretia* attended with two Maides, and an old Woman, *Baccarus* followed, with a possee of Violets in his hand, very delicately guilded, in whose leaves there was a Letter of love, with fine subtilty inclosed.

fed. And let us stay our wonder at this, since the Oratour hath avouched that himselfe saw the *Iliads* of *Homer* comprehended in the narrow capacity of a nut-shell. After some humble recommendations, he tenderd both himselfe, and Violet to *Lucretia*, and she rejects both: But at the importunity of the *Hungarian*, and by the assistance of the old woman, shee was wrought to accept it: for why, Madam (said shee) should you faigne to your selfe a feare, and frame a danger in your imagination to tremble at. But *Lucretia* had not long kept it, before shee gave it one of her Maydes, who soone after encountring two Students was easily over-entreated to part with it, who being naturally inquisitive, had suddainely unatiled the Mystery, and discovered the Paper. Men of this profession, have been heretofore principally in the grace of our women: but since *Cæsars* Court came hither, they are but their sport, and contempt; for instructed by so faire a

precedent as that of *Venus* and *Mars*, they prefer armes to artes, and hold, that a pen is not so substantiall a weapon as a Lance. The schollers proud of an opportunitie to vindicate themselves of the swordmen, deliver the letter to *Mene-laüs*, and wish him to peruse the tenour of his injuries. Presently the good man was filld with indignation, and the house with noyse. *Lucretias* innocencie plead her not guiltie, and the narration of the fact, & the old womans evidence, did undeniably confirme the plea. Complaint is made to *Cesar*, and *Bacarus* convened: who ingeniously confessed a truth so apparent, and gave his majestie an oath never to make new attempts upon his vertue. But he had too much of that heresie, that *Iupiter* frownes not, but smiles upon the perjuries of lovers. This animates him to reenforce his determination, and the rather because it was forbidden: it being a humour originally traduced, most irregularly to prosecute that, which is provided against
with

with the greatest caution, and commination. It was now winter, and *Zephire* resigned to a ruder breath, now the women threw Snowballs into the streets, and from thence the youth of the *Cittie* bandied them as fast into their windowes. *Baccarus* will now take an occasion from the winter, as before from the spring: then a violet was his messenger, and now a ball of Snow, in which with much cunning hee had inclosed a letter, and with no lesse dexterity directed it into *Lucretias* window. Who will not then confesse (before the racke bee presented him) that there is no bearing of faile which is not of fortunes trimming, and that shee is Lady Regent of all sublunaries.

One howre of gentle fate's more prevalent

Then thy commands to Mars from *Venus* sent.

There is a wilde kind of sect, which hath forced this principle, Fortune hath no interest in wise men. A sort of Stoi-

call wits, who if they were put in *Phalaris* his Bull, would not rore but sing. Yet certainly in the managing of the common affaire shee hath a double stroke, uphill and downe hill; to advance a hope, and ruine it. Shee overwhelmed this poore Gentleman even when his hopes did almost touch upon the cape of happinesse. Hee was not well advised to enclose his love-letter in a posie of violets, nor at this time to the same purpose to chuse no surer convey then a Snowball. But had Fortune crowned this devise of his with wished succeffe, then had his subtiltie and wisdom bin extolled by all men above the skies. But see the ill chance, the Snowball falling out of *Lucretias* hand, ran toward the fire, and it selfe and the Seale being dissolved by the heate, the letter lay open to view; which *Mene-laüs* then in presence presently snatched up, & as greedily perused. The contents occasioned a great combustion, but *Baccarus* thought it his safer course to trust
to

to a faire paire of heeles then to a pologies in a fact so evident.

This love of his stood *Eurialus* in good stead, for the jealous husband taken up in watching *Baccarus* steps and actions, gave *Eurialus* faire advantage to put his plots in execution.

To keepe to ones proper use askes mickle paine,

What many seeke by love or force to gaine.

Betweene *Lucretias* and the adjacent house went a narrow alley, the neare posture of the walls afforded an easie ascent into *Lucretias* Chamber; but this was to bee attempted by night onely. *Menelaus* was to goe into the countrey, and to lodge from home. The lovers thought this joyful day long acomming. He takes his journey, *Eurialus* changing his habit hies him to the alley. There *Menelaus* had a stable whereinto *Eurialus* got by *Socias* directions, and there under the Hay tooke up his lodging. *Dromo* that was *Menelaus* groome

in the morning came to the Hayloft with his Pitchforke, which hee ſtrucke well nie into *Eurialus* fides, and had certainly murdered him had not *Sofias* by good fortune come that way: who knowing the danger *Eurialus* was in, called to *Dromo*: Prethee brother let me alone to give the Horſes meate, and in the meane while ſee what good cheere is providing for dinner. Let us bee frolicke while our Lord is away. Wee live a better life with my Lady in his abſence: ſhee is merry and freehanded: he peeviſh, unquiet, covetous, and never pleas'd. Seest thou not what a miſerable houſe hee keepes, how hee lockes up the viſtualls from day to day wretched catiffe! that ſeekes by this ſordid penury to heape up riches; for is it not the height of foolery to live poore all a mans life time, to die rich? What a good Lady have wee that imagining beefe and mutton not ſufficient, feaſts us with hollow ſoule, and denies

us not plentie of the rarest wines. Pre-
thee *Dromo* provide good junkets. Let
me alone for that quoth *Dromo*, I have
more minde to bee in the Kitchen then
the Stable. I brought my Master out of
towne, he gave mee not one word all the
live-long day; but at evening he bad me
tell my Lady hee should lie abroad all
night. I commend thee *Sofia* that abhor-
rest our Masters conditions, and I
had long ere now given him the bag if
my Ladies had not retained me by her
liberall breakefasts. If you'll agree to
it wee'll not sleepe a winke to night,
wee'll eate and drinke till day appeare,
and waste more in one meale, then
our Master shall have in a whole
moneth.

Eurialus was glad to heare them
thus in discourse, yet observed the
conditions of servants, and imagined
that his owne in his absence ser-
ved him with the same sawce. So
when *Dromo* was gone *Eurialus* rising
up: what a happie night (quoth hee)

Sofia

Sofia shall I enjoy by thy courtesie that hast directed mee hither, and by an excellent wile kept mee from being disclosed. Thou art an honest man, and thy deserts challenge my affection, nor will I proove ungratefull, this good turne shall not goe unrewarded.

The appointed houre drew on joyfull *Eurialus*, although hee had twice escaped narrowly with life, climbs the wall, and the window being open, findes *Lucretia* by the fire with her junkets about her, expecting his comming. Shee knowing him to bee her sweet heart arose and imbraced him. They kisse, and after salutation, with wine and dainties refresh their tired spirits. How momentany are our joyes! how durable our greefe! *Eurialus* had not had one houres fruition of content when *Sofia* brought the sad tidings of *Menelaus* returne and blasted all their joy. *Eurialus* is frightened and bethinkes himselfe how to make escape. *Lucretia* having hid the junkets goes to welcome her husband home.

Deare

husband (quoth shee) thou art welcome : but prethee why staydst thou so long in the countrey ? take heed I smell out no peece of waggery: why dost thou not reside at home ? why dost thou excruciate me by thy absence ? but prethee lets sup here, and then wee'll goe to bed. They were then in the Hall where the household used to sit at meales, there shee endeavoured to stay her husband that *Eurialus* might more opportunely make escape. But *Mene-laus* had slept abroad and made haste to his bed chamber. Then said *Lucretia* I am no body in your regard : why chose you not rather to sup at home with me; I because you were absent have neither eate nor drunke all this day. Some countrey men brought mee wine affirming it most neate and terse, my greefe would not permit me to taste one drop. Now you bee come home please you let us goe into the Celler, and let us experiment if the wine bee sutable to their report. Having thus said, with her right hand

hand shee snatcht a light and tooke her husband by the left and so descended the Celler and spun the time out untill shee thought *Eurialus* had shifted for himselfe, and then against her will shee went to bed with her husband; *Eurialus* in the dead of the night returned into the house againe.

Next morning *Menelaus* (whether through provident care or jealousy I wot not) commanded the window to be made up: I verily beleeve (for our countrey men are shrewd conjecturists and wonderously jealous) that *Menelaus* suspected the fitting situation of the place, and having none of the best conceits of his wife, was willing to remove the occasion, for though he could not tax her with false play, yet hee saw her followed by many suitors, and knew a womans minde was fickle, having as many changes as a tree, leaves: the feminine sex being great lovers of noveltie and sated with the fruition, set naught by their owne husbands. Hee therefore trackt the path that all jealous husbands

bands goe, who strongly conceit that watchfull observation may keepeth their wives from treading awry. By this meanes their meeting was debarred, & their entercourse by letters was likewise stopt, for by *Menelaus* perswasions the governour put downe the Vintner, out of whose roomes (situated on the backe side of *Lucretias* house) *Eurialus* was wont to talke unto *Lucretia*, and by a Reede reach letters to her. They had nothing left them but an interview onely, and unspeakable was their grieve that were unable to desist, yet knew not how to make progression in their amorous negotiation.

Eurialus thus musing what way to take, he remembred *Lucretias* counsell concerning *Pandalus* a Gentleman allyed to her husband: and in imitation of learned Phisitions that in dangerous diseases rather experiment some doubtfull dose & perilous potion then desert their patient for incurable: he resolves to assay *Pandalus* & make triall of a remedy w^{ch} he had formerly refused. Having cald him and
being

being withdrawne into a private roomes
he thus bespake him :

Friend, I desire you to sit, I have a
weightie businesse to disclose to you.
It requires diligence, trust and secrecie
with all which I acknowledg you are in-
dued : I would long since have intima-
ted the same unto you, had not the ten-
der growth of your acquaintance re-
tarded me ; I now both know you, and
for your approved fidelity love and ho-
nour you : but if you were a meere
stranger to me, your countrey mens ge-
nerall good report were sufficient ; and
those friends of mine with whom you
be familiar, have let mee know your
rare qualities, and what great esteeme
you merit ; by whose insinuations I am
informed that you are desirous of my
favour whereof I now deliver you sei-
son, your merits as much as mine clai-
ming an enterchange of our mutuall af-
fections. But to the point. There shall
not neede many words betweene
friends, you are not ignorant what im-
perious

perious sway love, either vertuous or
sensuall, beares in the hearts of mortall
men ; no heart that is not made of Ada-
mant, but hath felt the force thereof.
From this passion I have not read of
any man could claime immunitie. This
phrensie can bee no otherwise cured but
by the fruition of the partie beloved, our
times and former ages afford plentifull
examples of both sexes, who prizing
love at as high rate as life it selfe, de-
ny'd the one, have disdained to retaine
the other. My drift in this relation is
to acquaint you with my love and what
I would request at your hands. I will
not conceale from you what profit will
redound hence; because I esteeme you
as my most intrinsecall friend. I love
Lucretia ; nor am I (my *Pandalus*) to be
blamed, but Fortune the Lady Regent
of this lower world we all adore. I knew
not the customes of this Citie, your wo-
men dissemble with their looks what
their hearts meane not. Hence grew
my errour *Lucretias* smiles made mee
thinke

thinke my selfe belov'd, and can any accuse me for setting my affection on so worthy an object. But finding my hopes beguiled, I not being able to retreat, I left no meanes unassayed till I won *Lucretia* to my love: now our flames have equall vigor, and without your assistance we are both of us undone. Her husband and brother watch her narrowly: the golden Fleece was not so attended by the restless Dragon, or Hell gates by *Cerberus* as shee is. I know your lineage: your noblenesse, riches, power, would I had never knowne this woman. But who can stand against destiny. Fortune, not my election made her my mistresse. In this posture matters now stand. Our love is concealed as yet, but once brought to light will produce some hideous mischief, which I pray heaven avert. Haply I could master my desires by departing this Citie, which I would doe though to my great greefe for your house sake, if I thought it would doe any good: But I know the height of her passion

passion is such shee would either follow me or forc'd to stay, by her owne hands rid her loathed life, which would bee an everlasting staine to your family. For the removall of these evils I desired this meeting. To your care I commend the management of this important affaire. It lies in you by procuring our congresse to assuage our mutual flames, you know the severall accesses of the house, what time her husband is away, and know how to introduce mee. Your helpe is needefull to beguile her husbands brother that keepes so strict a watch over her. Bee diligent and give me inkling at what time her husband is absent. Use some sleight to remoove the brother, and that he may surrender that charge to your selfe alone, which I pray Heaven may so fall out, then by your admission of me by night while all are in a deepe slumber all things will sort to a happie conclusion. It cannot bee unknowne to your wisdom what sundry commodities will hence ensue.

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The honour of your house will be kept untainted: our love concealed which if it should be knowne would be an infamy to your family, you shall preserve your kinswomans life. *Menelaus* shall be oblig'd to you for his wives safetie; of two evils the lesse is to bee chosen. What course soever bee taken there will be danger in it: but this expedient hath the least. Nor would I have you thinke your paines shall goe unrequited, you know my favour with *Cesar*; you shall obtaine whatsoever you will aske. And this I will promise you, you shall bee made a Count Palatin to you and your heires for ever. Then bestirre your selfe. I commend to your care and fidelitie *Lucretia*: my selfe, our love, our reputation, the honour of your family; they are all in your power; it lies in your hands to ruine all or to preserve all.

Having heard all this, *Pandalus* smiled, and pausing a while. O *Eurailus*, said he; All this I knew, and wish things had

had beene otherwise, but you have said no more then truth, things are now at that passe that I must of necessitie helpe, or great infamie will light upon our family. *Lucretia* is so farre ingag'd in love, that if I succour not, shee will either stab her selfe, or throw her selfe headlong out at windowes : shee regards neither her life nor honour. Her selfe hath disclos'd her love to mee. I dehorted her, chid her, sought to extinguiſh the flame, but could not prevaile; shee regards nothing but you, shee thinkes on nothing else but you. Calling often to mee shee sayes, dost heare *Eurialus*. Love has so chang'd her that shee is not like herselfe. The whole Cittie had not a chaster, a wiser dame. What a wonderfull thing it is that love should beare such rule in humane mindes. You have hit on the right way of cure. I will about this businesse, nor will I expect any reward at your hands, knowing it is not the part of an honest man to aske any boone where no recompence is de-

served. What I doe is to remove the scandall threatned our family. But quoth *Eurialus*, if you doe not disdaine it I will procure you the stile and dignitie of a Count Palatine. I scorne it not (quoth *Pandalus*) but I would not have it by way of bargaine, but would have it conferr'd on mee freely and unconditionally. It would have more sorted to my desires to have promov'd your wishes, and brought you into *Lucretia's* presence, and you not to have knowne the author of so good a turne. Farewell. And fare you well quoth *Eurialus*: set all your wits a worke to bring us together.

Away goes *Pandalus* rejoycing with acquisition of so great a mans favour, and with the hopes of being made a Count; which dignitie the lesse hee seem'd to desire, the more he coveted; many men in this being like women who the more they say nay, the more intensely desire what seemingly they refuse. This man by playing the Pandar

dar is honoured with an Earledome
and his posteritie ennobled for ever
after.

O *Marianus* therē are many degrees
in noblenesse, and if you search the ori-
ginall thereof, in my opinion you will
finde very few that can rightly boast
a lawfull propagation. The rich they
commonly are ennobled; but riches
& vertue seldome move in one spheare;
therefore such noblenes flowes from an
impure fountaine. It is a wonder to see
a man grow ritch by honest courles.
All approve that verse,

*None aske how wealth's attained but it
must be had;*

After the bags are well lin'd, then no-
bleness is the thing next sought after; I
say,

Vertue alone does make a noble man.

Not many dayes after, there grew a
broyle amongst *Menelaus* tenants, many
whereof being much gone in drinke lost
their lives. For composing whereof *Me-
nelaus* presence was held requisite.

Vpon this occasion it was concluded that *Eurialus* about the houre of five in the evening should draw towards the house, and if hee heard *Pandalus* sing should hope the best. *Eurialus* came at the houre prefixt, and listned attentively for the watchword, but hee could heare no musick, nor so much as any whispering noise at all.

Achates as soone as the appointed houre was past counselled *Eurialus* to depart, telling him that they meant nothing else but to gull and delude him. It liked not *Eurialus* to remove, alledging many reasons one after another for a longer stay. The brother of *Menelaus* was left behind, whose vigilancie and suspicious scrutiny up and downe in every corner hindered *Pandalus* singing. Quoth *Pandalus* shall wee not goe to bed to night, I can no longer hold open my eyes. I wonder that being in your tender yeares you should so sympathise with the nature of old men, that deprived of their youthfull moysture seldom

ded dome fal asleepe till morning, when it is
e in time for others to rise. Its high time,
the pray lets goe to rest. I marvell you sit
sing up so late; Lets goe then quoth *Agamemnon*
e at *Agamemnon* if you'll needs have it so; yet
ve- first lets see that all bee sure, so going
uld to the gate hee double lockt and bol-
any ted it very strong. A huge barre of Iron
ted to lift, which *Agamemnon* finding him-
to selfe unable to weild, *Pandalus* (quoth
no- hee) lets make fast the dore with this
It barre, and then wee'll goe to bed. *Eu-
ng rialus* heard these words and whispe-
a red with a soft voice: If they had done
aus with this barre once then all were done.
nd Come, come (quoth *Pandalus*) what a
ve- quoile keepe you? if it be theeves one-
g- ly you feare, all is cocksure; if enemies,
to all the ammunition in this house is not
en able to keepe them out. Ile list no bar
ur to night, or doe it your selfe, or it shall
se bee undone for mee. Well it matters
ri- not greatly quoth *Agamemnon*, and so
l- went to rest. Then said *Eurialus* Ile
ne

watch here for an houre to see if any will open. *Achates* was so tired that in his heart he curst *Eurialus* for keeping him out of his bed so late. They had not stayd long but at a chinke they might perceive *Lucretia* with a small Taper in her hands. *Eurialus* pressing as neare as hee could possibly : Sweet heart *Lucretia* (quoth hee) all health to you. At first shee began to flie, but presently better bethinking her selfe, shee asks who's there? Quoth *Eurialus*, I thy *Eurialus* am here. Open the dore my joy ; I have watched here till midnight for thy coming. Shee knew the voyce, yet for more surenesse and prevention of any false dissimulation shee forbore to open till shee heard the by-word which they two privily gave each other. Then with much adoe shee opened the dore a little way, and *Eurialus* made as hard shift to creepe in at so straight a passage, and embrac'd her in his armes.

Achates

Achates hee stood sentinell without dores.

I am not able to say whether it were feare or excesse of joy that was the cause, but *Lucretia* falling into a pale swoon in *Eurialus* his armes seemed like a livelesse creature; her speech failing, and her eye lids being closed up, some warmth remain'd, and her pulses beat faintly. *Eurialus* knew not which way to turne him; if I leave her I am accessary to her death that left her in so dangerous extremitie: if I stay *Agamemnon* or one or other of the house will finde us, and I shall bee sure to die. Oh unfortunate love, more bitter then gall! for thee to how many dangers have I beene obnoxious? How many deaths have awayted mee for thy sake. Was this a crosse that thou keptst for mee in store to extinguish my dearest love, within my owne embraces? But, love overstay'd all other respects, and nought regarding his
owne

owne safetie hee abode with his deare, and being dissolved into teares, oft kissing her speechlesse corps: hee cryed out: Woe's me *Lucretia* where art thou? Why dost not heare? Why makest thou no answer? open thy eyes and behold mee, and smile on mee as thou wast wont. I thy *Eurialus* am here. O my Deare, it is thy *Eurialus* that embraces thee. O why dost not returne me one, for so many hundred kisses? Is this thy entertainment? Are these the joyes thou invitest mee to? I conjure thee arise, looke on thy *Eurialus*, it is I thy *Eurialus* that am here.

Having ended these exclamations, a cataract of scalding teares, hee let fall upon her face and temples, whereby as one by strong waters helpe resuscitated, seeming like one raised out of a dead Lethargye of sleepe, and beholding her Beloved: Ah mee, *Eurialus*, said shee, where have I beene? Why didst thou not rather suffer me to expire
it

it as a happy death, to dye in thy armes. Would heaven I had departed so before thou depart this City. Conferring after this manner, they set forward towards her chamber, where bathing themselves in Venerian delights: Now quoth *Eurialus*, my toyle and danger are changed into joyes beyond expression. O Summary of all beauty, am I now possessed of thee? It were best dying now whilest this blisse endures, least intervenient misery, againe blast our contentments. My Happinesse is incomparable. But alas, how swiftly doe the houres flye away? O malignant night, what makes thee make such haste. This verily is the shortest night in all the yeare. This spake *Eurialus* nor was *Lucretia* behind, they vyed kisses, and for amorous phrases were neither in others debt. At the peepe of day our Lovers depart asunder.

Cæsar having now wrought his peace with Pope *Eugenius*, hastens his journey

ney towards *Rome*. *Lucretia* was not without some inkling hereof, for what is it that Love perceives not? Thus therefore upon this ground wrote *Lucretia* to *Eurialus*.

Lucretia to *Eurialus*:

Had I power to be angry with thee, it should be now, that being ready to depart canst so cunningly dissemble with mee. But my heart is more affectionate to thee than it selfe, and can by no cause bee drawne to conceive displeasure against thee. My deare heart why didst thou not acquaint mee that *Cesar* will shortly bee gone? Hee prepares for his journey, and I know thou wilt not stay behind. What I prethee will become of mee? Wretch that I am, what shall I doe? Where can I enjoy tranquillitie? If thou forsake mee I shall not live two dayes. I conjure thee

thee by these lines moystned with my teares, by thy hand and faith given unto me if ever I have deserved ought at thy hands, or if ever my acquaintance won thy acceptance, take pittie on a forlorne Lover. I make no boone that you would still reside here, but that you would make mee the companion of your travell. I will some evening give it out that I desire to walke to *Beihlehem*, attended by one old woman, there let two or three of your traine lie in waite that may receive mee; It is no hard taske to carry one away that is willing to goe. Nor thinke not the attempt will prove your disparagement, for King *Priams* sonne accounted it no disgrace to wed a stolen Lady. My husband shall hereby suffer no wrong, for however things goe, he shall be sure to lose mee; for if you carry mee not away, death shall separate mee from him. But by your crueltie leave mee not to die, who have ever prized you

you dearer then my owne heart.

Eurilus Answer.

I kept it from thee till this houre my *Lucretia*, that thou mightest not torment thy selfe before the time were come. I know thy nature, and that every light occasion causes thee to fret too too bad. Nor is *Cæsar* to depart hence for ever; when wee returne from *Rome* our way lies through this Cittie into our native Country; should *Cæsar* make chioce of another way, if I doe not returne to thee, may I never see my owne home againe, but like *Vlisses* spend the remnant of my dayes in forraigne peregrination. Give not thy selfe over to Melancholy, my dearest, but cheare up thy selfe. For the rape you speake of, all the world affords not such a content as that would bee to mee, but I more value thy honour then my owne delight. The confidence you have re-
posed

posed in mee awakens a provident care of your well-doing. You are descended of a right noble house, and your reputation is extolled not at home onely but in farre remote regions. Should I commit this act: I speake not of mine owne, what disgrace would it bee to your Family? What a heart-break to your mother, what a scandalous rumour throughout all the Cittie. Behold will they say, *Lucretia* that was imputed so chaste a D. me is turned a whore, and run away from her husband. Hitherto you have conserved your credit unstained, this rape would sully your reputation with an indelible disgrace. But to let passe fame, though shee worthily deserve our regard, this way wee can never attaine the fruition of our love. I depend on *Cæsar*; if I forsake him, my meanes are too short to maintaine thee after thy degree: if on the other side I follow the Court, there's no repose, wee daily remoove from place

place to place, *Cesar* never made so long abode any where as hee has now at *Sienna*, enforced through necessity of Warre. What infamie were it to us both, should I use thee in the Campe as a common prostitute? I conjure thee my *Lucretia* upon these grounds alter thy determination, take my advise in good part, and regard not thy passion above thy welfare. Haply another lover would have perswaded thee otherwise, and beene the first that would have counsell'd thee to make escape, to the end hee might abuse thee at his pleasure, never forecasting for the future, but greedy to satisfie his present lust; but such a one deserves not the stile of a true lover, that prefers the fulfilling of his lust before a care of reputation; I (my deare *Lucretia* advise thee for the best, I prethee abide here, and diffide not my returne; I will so contrive it that *Cesar* shall send mee agent into these parts, and free of all

dis-

discommoditie will compasse our mutual fruition. Farewell; live happy, and love thy *Eurialus*, and wrong mee not by thinking my love lesse fervent then thine owne, or that I am willing to depart: O no more my sweet adew.

Lucretia acquieted by these perswasions writ him backe word that shee would follow his counsell.

Few dayes after *Eurialus* set forward with *Cesar* toward *Rome*, and shortly after his arrivall fell into a Feaver. Vnfortunate man that burning in love was never the lesse seised by aguish inflammations. Love had brought his body low, and his disease brought him even to deaths dore; in so much that he was more beholden for life to Phisitians than nature. *Cesar* visited him day by day, and was as tender over him as he had beene his owne child, and commanded to send for all the prime Phisitians. But a Letter

H

sent

sent him from *Lucretia*, whereby he understood that she was both living and in good health, did him more good then all the Doctors Receipts. It drove away his Ague, and made him strong enough to walke abroad, in so much as he was present at *Cæsars* coronation, and honoured with the addition of knighthood.

When *Cæsar* went to *Perusium* hee stayed behind at *Rome*, as not yet perfectly recovered. From thence hee came to *Sienna*, very feeble and malcilent: he might see his *Lucretia*, but might not conferre with her. Letters past mutually, and the businesse about her rape is againe had in agitation.

Here *Eurialus* stayd three dayes, but finding it impossible to gaine access unto her, hee intimated unto her his departure. Their greefe at their separation exceeded their joy in their mutuall societie.

Lucretia stood at the window when

Eurialus

Eurialus rode through the street, they cast their blubbered eyes on one another, and were so opprest with sorrow, as they that felt their hearts even violently rent out of their bosomes; who but a lover like themselves is able to draw the portrature of their resentments. *Laodemia* when her husband *Prothesilaus* went to the *Trojan* Warres fell into an extasie and dyed at report of her husbands slaughter. *Queene Dido* slew herselfe after *Aeneas* stole away, and *Portia* would live no longer her *Brutus* being dead. Our *Lucretia* when *Eurialus* was out of her sight fell downe in a swoone, and was by the servants got up and had to bed till shee came to her selfe. But after, sui-ting herselfe in meane habit, shee was never heard sing, never seene to laugh, nor could never be made mer-ry by all the meanes that ever could be used.

H 2

Thus

Thus persevering for some space of time, and living heartlesse and insusceptible of comfort, in the armes of her weeping mother that in vaine sought her consolation, shee expired her latest gaspe.

Enrialus having lost the sight of *Lucretia* spake not one word as hee travelled, had *Lucretia* onely in his heart, and his thoughts were whether hee should ever bee able to returne unto her.

At last hee came to *Caesar* keeping his Court at *Perusium*, whom hee attended into divers countries: but as he followed *Caesar*, so *Lucretias* ghost pursued him, and suffer'd him not to take any quiet repose.

This faithfull lover understanding that shee was dead, stricke to the heart with sorrow hee put himselfe in mourning. At last *Caesar* made up a match for him, and hee espoused a beautilous, chaste, and prudent Virgin of Princely lineage.

Deare

Deare *Marianus* you have heard a true narration of the sad Catastrophe of a paire of unfortunate lovers ; let the reader hereof by others harmes learne to beware, and not be inebriated with the potions of love which have ever a greater mixture of Gall then Hony.

Farewell. *From Vienna the fift of the Nones of Iuly, 1444.*

Elisabeth Morden

FINIS.

Lucia
rec

